Dear Father, 7/05/88

In all my life never have I been as compassionate as I am now. The man I love is wasting away on this drug that is claiming the lives and souls of so many black men and women. ~~His~~ "Crack" is what it's called. Is this to be man's downfall? Is this the thing men were inspired to write about in Revelation? It has hit home 3 times. First me, then Kenny and my sister (Sadie). Each in a different way, but each as devastating. I got away with my soul in tact and my heart and mind still functioning right. For others it will not be the same.

This weekend was a nightmare of sorts - nothing that I had not forseen, just wasn't prepared for. Kenny and I have been working on a relationship that was a force to be reckoned with - something very special. He has showed signs of a man with deep desire, and no will power. The past 4 months have been rather trying for me & all those I've been around. I closed my eyes to so much that was going on ~~around~~, preferring to act as if there was no problem. That

June 1, 1988
2:16 Am

My dearest Kenny, I can't even begin to tell you how much I've missed you these past 4 days. When I try and think of words that would justly express the longing I had for your touch I get so filled with emotion that it hurts. Yet I don't want to in any way hold you back from what you feel you must do. That still does not stop me from worring about you when you're not here - but you're there - where anything could happen. For nothing is garanteed.

Out there away from reality,
Yet quite real
I envision you in a world that I
understand all too well
The moon shine brightly in hues
uncommon to the area
Blood Red, Midnight Blue, finally
Graveyard Grey
A new day begins, neither of us have
slept.
Crumpled sheets show signs of worry while
the heart signs of undying Love and need.
I'll always be here for U - Be Here 4 me. ~~~ Something

11/16/88

Since Kenny deserted me I've gone through ~~stages~~. Depression, self-pity, embarassment, and periods of intermittent happiness - remembering what once was. Now it's as though he's still somewhere with me or inside me. And he is - but the place he is there is no escaping. It's a prison, a crevice in my heart. He's caught there on that thin line. Between loving and loathing. At present there's more loathing than loving. I think about the things Kenny put me through and my reaction - how committed and stupid I was. But in the game of love you reap what you sow. And what goes around surely will come around. Playing with people's emotions is a terrible thing to do. And even as I think about the changes he made in his life while we were together. They were what he ~~[illegible]~~ was accustomed to doing and he knew as did I. So I went on letting him make me unhappy - even against his wishes. Now I must put this latter life and shattered love back together. The most important thing to me at present is getting me together - determination can get you there, I keep telling

myself that and I shall. Only time can bring the events about that will get me there. I thought @ first that falling in Love again would help the hurt to subside, it didn't. Now it seems as if I'm trying the fuck em and leave don't give a fuck about them old attitude is what I want to adopt. But I think what's best is whatever I feel in my heart @ the time. Assuming that lust doesn't get the best of me first.

One thing I can truly say is that I understand wholeheartedly while people that have been in Love and hurt don't want to be in Love any more. It's a terrifying experience to give all that you can to someone - have them hold your heart in the palm of their hands and drop it.

I really want to express what I'm really feeling more poetically, but sometimes that just doesn't happen all the time. Maybe the next time.

Dear Kenny, June 2, 88

Let me see, where shall I begin? Yes, well this week has been a most trying week, I feel it was for the both of us. With your being away all week I had a lot of time to think. It has taken me some time to get used to being away from you so long, but it has also done me a world of good. This time apart has allowed me to further probe the depts of my heart and the extent that my Love goes for you. It is I now who is "fascinated". Fascinated at this wonderus thing called Love. I've experienced so many things in life so early, yet never had I known Love. Then along came you, sending me into what I feel is my ~~las~~ most intriguing stage in life. No longer is my major concern self. I now share my life with someone whom I worry about and care for as much as do myself. That to me is real Love. Or shall I just say Love as I know it. It now has true meaning to me.

Being apart has also taught me a few lessons in basic day-to-day dealing. That is dealing with the temptation

that man offers you. In these past days (5) that we've been apart I've been approached more times than I have in the last 1 month. Some were, at least I thought at the time, almost good enough to take up on their offer. Then, I sat down and thought about it. "Are you crazy". Not only were they not worth time. They're not worthy of my heart. How could they be when "My heart belongs to you". A chance at ruining what we have is not a chance worth taking. This relationship, although is not ideal at present. Is exactly what I've dreamed of for years. And you are exactly that someone I've dreamed of sharing it with. Since the day I laid eyes on you - I knew it would be.

Sometimes I get caught up in me. Call it vanity or whatever - it's me! I am exceptional, as are you. Which is probably what drew us together in the beginning. We're worlds apart, yet neighbors. Such opposites ~~that~~ yet were so much alike. We understand each other all too well.

Now is the time that we wait. We'll wait for our differences and likeness to meet somewhere in the middle to bring out the very best in ~~us~~ both. For that

I live. For it will truly be a day for rejoicing. It will not come over night, nor over a period of days or weeks. But happen, it surely will. I pity he who tries and come between us and that day.

I've often spoken of how pouring out my very being to you leaves me drained. The thing I failed to realize is that the very thing that makes me weak is my strongest point. Honesty - the very best policy for any relationship!

I now know how to deal with being without you by my side - I've paid a price, but I now know. When you're not here I won't think of all the things that could be keeping you from me - and my mind does wander. Instead I think of all the wonderful time we've spent together. Nights and days. The way my body awakens to the wonder of being loved by you - another strong black man. It does stop the worrying but it eases the pain so that I can sleep at night. Worring is something I won't stop doing. For when I do, it will be the day something does happen. It would also mean - I approve, excuse the term. Doesn't bother me - the type of work

You do - but it does.

Kenneth Hammond, this is not a perfect Love - but I believe in what God intended. We've got Love and it's not over between you and me - you see it's just getting started. You are my first Love - a very special one to me.

The moon set full and red this night
Brightening even the darkest African sky
A warrior tall and strong made his
way through bush to answer a calling
he never knew he had
His destination reached - and there he lay
The glowing red hue of the moon shining
fiercely on that of his own
American, arogant, witty and brave
Conversation was short and decisive
"Have I not the qualities of a warrior too"?
As the moon gave rise to the Zulu Dawn
they consummated a Love of strength neither
had known

Fri. Oct. 28, 1988

Right now my whole emotional make up is as tight as a snare drum. The least little vibration sets the skin into a furious beat. About 50 different things run through my mind repeatedly. They are all things that are on my "everyday worry" List. There are some things that reoccur about once a week or once a month (usually bills), but these things seem to never leave me. I'm too tight, too wound up with worries that should not bother me. "Self" should be my number one priority. Second only to "God". For some strange reason, I'm having trouble grasping that. Don't get me wrong, I was born selfish. I'm very self centered, but something has shaken, or is with me that worries the hell out of me for being that way (my conscious). See I may not take action as much as I should, but I worry like hell. The Lord is very kind to me and for that I'm thankful. When something is bothering me or heavy on my mind, he never lets it go on for too long before he helps me to see a way to work it out. For all that our creator is - I'm grateful and thankful.

Take for instance, a situation that is @ hand presently. My Lover and I have gone seperate ways. He by choice and me because I was left without one. Kenny deserted me after 8 month of living together and hard work @ a relationship, and 2½ years of waiting for him to make up his mind that he wanted to have one (relationship). I was quite distraught and financially broken when he left. I had to make quick decision to try and get on with my life without him. This was a decision I was forced to make. So it was all the more diffient because of that. He didn't try to get in touch with me nor did he want to either. I worry myself sick, and cried myself to bed every night. I began to look for him every chance I got, and finally one night I ran into him. There were very few words spoken. He made promises he knew he wouldn't keep and slung me headfirst out into a cold world raped of all things I held private. Exposed to a people who feared me from lack of understanding. I clawed and scratched and tried to calm the beast in me down. None could satisfy her. So I relieved her myself, and did more fantasizing than dealing

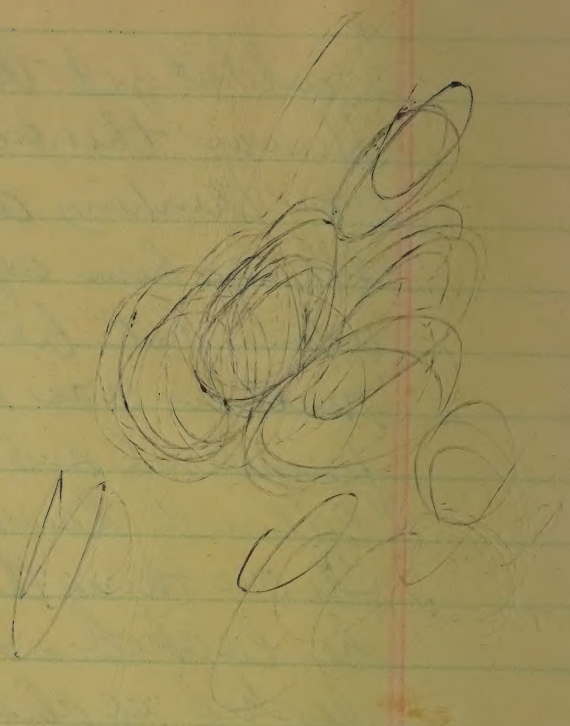
with life as it to get over this thing. In the last 2 weeks or so I could feel something strange going on. My mind was constantly on Jenny. I thought of him so much until anyone mentioning his name or saying they'd seen him it would send me into a deep depressive mood. My mind would go berzerk! I would think of all the possible people he could be with, or the places he could be and the things he could be doing. Some of them involving drug use, some the sale of drugs, but most were sexual. The thoughts would become paramount and I would have to bring myself down, fech into life now and forget what once was.

My soul still would not rest. Everything has been touch and go. Then it happened. Last night was not supposed to be one of my regular work nights. But I went to do some things (the pet for the show) and to get away from the house. One thing lead to another and I ended up working for Jenny. I was @ ease with myself and beginning to relax and enjoy the crowd when he walked in. He must have lost his nerve, because he didnt come into the bar area for another 20 minutes. He sat, I worked we said little. Just meanial conversation. Nothing was truly accomplished. But I know now! I know why I was so uneasy, why

I couldn't get things to clicking in my head. He was thinking about me as hard as I was thinking about him. Who knows when I'll see him again. But for now I feel a whole lot better. I don't know what my reaction was supposed to be, but I was very frightened and angered @ first. Then once I calmed down I was serene and melancholy. The one thing that I did notice was how handsome he looked. His skin was so smooth, he looked so alive yet empty. He is still the same man that I fell in Love with

CL.

Whew!



7/26/88

In the last 4 wks., I've been working @ re-establishing the passion, vigor and overall loving part of my relationship with Kenny. Things just found their way back into the pattern of routine of things but our lives are totally different. Mike and I are barely speaking and she's put a lock on her bedroom door. Not to mention, being nasty towards me and she hardly even speaks to him. Bobby has been very standoffish lately as well. My friends have been acting strange and not coming by or keeping in touch. My mother is always worried about me. And in spite of all these things I've managed to keep our relationship in an upward moving situation. And Kenny just handles everything like nothing ever went wrong. That, I keep telling myself, is just his nonchalant way of dealing with things. Or is it? Jumping in and repairing things the way I have, may have been the wrong thing to do. Maybe I should have allowed myself more time to hurt. More time to make sure that all the feelings of betrayal had gone. But the problem was too severe to take chances. So severely wounded was I, that I couldn't give up just yet or it would have been over for both of us. I wanted someone else to love me so badd when this happened. Just to let me know that I was capable of going on with my life, but I knew that

Dear Father, June 15, 88

Well another summer has yet begun, and with so many changes. I'm finally in a place or shall we say space I can call my own. I'm sharing it with 2 people I care very deeply for. Mike - my #1 girlfriend and roommate, and Kenny - my Lover and friend. Money is tight, but we have each other and those are happy times. I'm happy, yet not satisfying - there is so much more I think we all could have.

He made love to me. He loved me for being a fine, sexy Red Dog. He made me feel more of a man by giving and yet not ~~taking~~. He drowned me in kisses and sweat. He gave me love like none before him. We were honest with each other, it always helps, lies are useless. They make enemies not friends. Then he left. He disappeared into the night air. Just like a black knight ridding off into the sunset after a victorious battle. But he left me with something. He left me with a longing to be loved like only a man can do, and Joy in my ~~Dead~~ body.

Sunday 10/13/85

Dear Me,

Yesterday, around 6:00pm Kenny stopped by and truly surprised me. I saw his truck come up the street, so I answered the door. I thought maybe James had been over to his place and they both came over to see what I was up to. I was wrong, he was alone. But he did say he had dropped by ~~by~~ James before he came over. So he wasn't there or he was asleep. We stood in the front yard for a little while making akward conversation, until I asked if he wanted to smoke a joint. So we took a ride in the

the truck while I rolled it up and then we smoked. He hadn't said much of anything, so again I suggested that we ride over to his place unless he had other things to do. We smoked joint after joint at his place neither of us saying much; the air was thick with passion and fear. Finally after about 4 joints I started to touch and feel which led to some heavy kissing. For a minute it felt as if though we might eat each other up. From that point we touch till the bed and so on and so on up until the point where I felt like we might reach for something to help us getting a little further than we already were. Then James

knocked on the door and it ended.
I had used all my nerves to get to
the point where we were, and one
knock on the door fucked that up.
It was so damn hard to keep
the conversation going with him. He
wouldn't respond in the way I'm
used to. I think he was trying to
cover up the way he feels. I just
don't know why. That I do intend
to find out. I don't know if I
scare him or if he just likes me
as a sexually friend or what.
He seems so many different expressions
from Kenny and I like them all.

Sunday 10/8/85

I feel a great storm
brewing somewhere ahead.
A storm so intense it will
do away with all falsehoods,
all untruths, all closets down.
After the passing of the storm
all will be seen ~~for~~ truly.
There will be no hidding from
it. No buying a ticket to safety.
The storm will reveal the ladder
and we all must climb. ~~For~~
those who resist themselves the climb
will be one that is long and hard.
For those who greet their true
identities with open arms the climb
will be most rewarding. For the
one thing the ladder stands for is
identity. Be thine ownself be true.

Sunday 10/8/85

I feel a great storm
brewing somewhere ahead.
A storm so intense it will
do away with all falsehoods,
all untruths, all closets doors.
After the passing of the storm
all will be seen ~~for~~ truly.
There will be no hidding from
it. No buying a ticket for safety.
The storm will reveal the ladder
and we all must climb. For
those who resist themselves the climb
will be one that is long and hard.
For those who greet them true
identities with open arms the climb
will be most rewarding. For the
one thing the ladder stands for is
identity. See thine ownself be true.

Monday 10/14/85

Dear Me, Last night I spent the whole night here in this room alone. Listening to a Luther Vandross tape (Busy Body), and trying to think of what direction I want Kenny and our relationship to go. Although I know the decision is not all mine. At this point he's almost all I think about. But I don't know what he thinks about me. I feel like after the little thing (affair) he had with Janet, ~~that~~ he'll be very cautious about getting involved with someone else so quickly especially a friend of his. Then he probably thinks of me what I think of him. He thinks bi the

one. I'm red, a pretty nigger and fine and not a bad guy to be around. Not to mention my credentials in bed. I think the exact same thing about him. Well I guess it's notable that he changed gens. Reason?

Daniel ~~just~~ dropped by a suggested that I ride with him to his Aunt's and he'd ~~dropped~~ by and pick me up from Kennys. Of course I couldn't resist. He had a friend over and shit but I enjoyed just seeing his face, and "talking" to him. Out of all the guys he ever talked or been involved with sexually, he effected me more out of bed than any of them. He also takes me to limits beyond

which no one ~~else~~ has ever taken me before. The nigger is just totally awesome. Although I think that for the both of our benefit we should just remain fuck buddies and good friends rather than trying to become intimate it always fucks shit up. Even though I still hope that we can one day be the ones who are there for each other. In love, life and friendship. That our satisfying each other will manifest ~~more~~ even more both mentally and physically. And if we can somehow help each other higher ~~[illegible]~~ spiritually that would be the shit.

10/9/85

Dear Me, Zulas & my

I just can't forget that night with that "nigger". (I use the term lightly.) My Zulu warrior. I guess I'm still not used to the intricate design of the black man's body. The strong facial features, the soft lips. Or maybe it's just the fact that I really haven't been to bed with enough guys in my life to be over the initial excitement. I'll will admit however that Reginald, Norman, Freeman were my most memorable men, and they are no strangers to color. Black as coal they were. All great

Lovers in her own special way. Then there's Kenny, the most recent and most memorable. But try as I may I can't forget him.

10/9/85

Yesterday James and I talked for the first time since I slept with Kenny. Of course we talked since Sunday, but yesterday we had a conversation about the whole idea of what went on. It helped to unravel a lot of unsolved mysteries. For one James and Kenny had a relationship for 4 wks. before I came back home. It seems as though they were both

struggle too hard to be "the one" in the relationship, therefore things sorta unfolded on them. James was going thru a temporary seperation from Leroy as well, so he was looking for someone to hold on to, so he could remain human through all of this. After I arrived in town and knowing me the way James knows me he decided to match make. My first impression I have discovered are always right. When first laid eyes on Tenny my thoughts were, this is the type nigger I could fall madly and "foolishly" in love with.

Forgetting about all my responsibilities, obligations, my hopes dreams and fears and can centrate totally on him. I was really not all that surprised when James told me about the time they spent together, because I had gathered that the extent of their relationship was a lot deeper than they let on. Although that did put a damper on my hopes for ever getting something permanent established with Kenny. I know James and I really don't have enough confidence in myself at the moment to break down all the barriers ~~put~~ Kenny must have put up to deal with James' dominating ~~ego~~ personality and inflated ego.

Both of which make him a person who's hard not to like. I love him and I'm pretty sure at one point Kenny found out the feeling beginning too as well.

~~Now~~ The situation I've been thrown into is one where I'm uncomfortable, but I feel such a dagnabbit attraction to Kenny that I don't think I can walk away from a guy that turns me on so much.

10/9/95

Sunday the 6th of October in this year of Lord Nineteen hundred and Eighty-Five was one of my most memorable nights of my life. It was only my second time in the presence of Mr. Hamilton (Kenny), and yet his sexual attraction was so strong I couldn't hold out any longer. I knew that if I didn't have the pleasure of his body against mine that night I might have not been given the chance again. So I took a deep breath and made an invitation to lock bodies. My invitation was accepted and received so

damn well. So much so that it threw me off my feet for awhile. I had been, we had been drinking Comfort and beer all night, and I had a very good joint. Everybody knows what Comfort does for me. I was so at ease and, rarin' to go. That night I gave of myself so freely and without limitation. I felt that good, I just wanted to make him happy. Then if that wasn't enough, he did the same for me. How natural and uplifting it all was, so damn good. I could have fucked till the sun came up. Unfortunately something else did. It seems as though in the heat of passion during all the

bumping and grinding & managed to make a sheet burn in the dammest place and had to stop. That night, even if I never get the chance again, will be one that remains in mind forever and a day. No one before him has ever made me feel the way he did.

Dec. 17, 1985

Finally it happened!

I feel like such a stooley. I'm hurt, not as bad as I thought I would be, but hurt. I guess I've always realized exactly what the deal was, but I lied to myself. I lied to myself thinking I could make a mountain from a molehill. I thought I could make my own happiness. Oh, how wrong I was. It took making me feel like a stupid ass bitch to bring me back to reality. Soon the hurting will cease, the tears will dry [redacted] staining my cheeks, and my heart will forever be harder to reach. I think after I realized the power of Love (madness) I want it that much more. But I realize that Love, One Love that is shared by two will never be mine. I really need to lie down somewhere and just cease to exist for an hour or so. It will be very hard to snap back this time. This is one battle that has given me a war wound that will always be there, constantly a re-minder of the Love I had for someone, [redacted]

Having never none Love before,
I was a stranger to it
I was attracted to the romance
of it all. Being an affecionate starved
child I lusted for Love.
I was drawn in, I became blind-
I refused to see, I became
crippled, I refused to walk away,
I was deaf, I listened but never
heard. You said I am a causualty
of Love, Love left me, and I have
none.

There is a hole in my heart,
from the whole part of my
soul has escaped, part
of the desire I have to live,
some of my compassion for
my fellow man, ~~and a~~ and it
has been replaced by nothing.
The hurt that tore that part
away from me has left me
with a empty hole in my heart
I feel so bad I might as
well be dead. I really feel
nasty like I may never be the

game. I would have rather have taken an axe ~~[illegible]~~ picking than feel like this. I'm so damn cold, so very cold. It's as if it were 100 degrees today the chill would still be there. Where do I go from here, which way do I turn, what's my next move. That's it, there is nothing more to say. A part of me is dead.

Sa La Vie

Dear Kenny,

When first I laid eyes on you, I wanted you. It seemed like it would not be. I don't know how to put into words the way I felt after the first time we lay together. For weeks after I could think of nothing more than that. The times that followed were never the same. I gave of myself totaly. I never asked for much. I offered you a shoulder to cry on if needed, a ear to listen to your conversation, I would have done most anything for you. But I guess it wasn't enough. You in return took all and gave me nothing. This I will never forget because you touched a part of me no one has before my heart. You hurt me very deeply, I would have rather you tried to kill me than hurt me the way you did.

was my first mistake. Then, allowing myself to be used was second. Allowing my friends, who were innocent, to be dragged into this was the last. From this point on things have to take form and shape up, or they will not last with me.

June 8, 88

And so time did pass, and the hurt began to subside ..... Time was spent together ..... reacquainting the emotions that were new, mutually felt in the relationship.

All is well, finally thought they .... but all was not

On the Eve of what was to be a glorious night .... trouble stirred in the desolate place. Sharp words were exchanged; feelings were hurt, egos bruised — tempers flared

There was trouble in our paradise But all was not lost. For he who dwells in us all gave them a balance that night. So that they might endure. And so they have thus far .....

What next? asked he

What has always been, but with a different approach this time. Take it slow, and be ready - our lives together is what will get us through this. When this two has passed - and it shall - the Love we share will mean 3 fold that we now share. And we will keep building until our fortress is mightier than all temptation. I'll be there, come what may, be there - here - with me,

involved and we've been hanging every since. She's young and cute with gorgeous eyes and ~~[illegible]~~ a queen in most senses of the word. She adores me because she thinks I'm Zeus of the city. I really didn't know how much until last night. She truly worked my nerves when I awoke to find her sucking my toes and caressing my thight. I guess I would have stopped her but she did give my toes a fit. How could I refuse. That was cute and all even if we didn't finish it. But I can try and find substitutes, but ain't nothing like the real thing. Kenni does it better than anyone I have ever had and I Love him. I think about him quite often. I will wait for Love, with him I have no choice.

11/2/85

Dear Me,

The Temp Service has finally came through for me. ~~Friday~~ Thursday and ~~Saturday~~ Friday I did Temp work with the Cleaning crew of Tara Foods. ~~Friday~~ Thursday was Halloween and all, but I was ready to work even though I was in a hell of a lot of pain, I did, and made a whole night of it. I worked again on Friday night - Saturday morning. This makes me really happy, and my family as well as my family. Since Daddy got the car Monday, he was ready for me to go to work and so was I. I finally feel life may life will come together here. I will probably go see about my insurance and Drivers License with my first check. I want to make sure everything is done according to importance or I want my priorities in order. After that I have to go shopping then start paying off debts and get the car in shape for long distance traveling and somewhere in between go

back to the doctor and see the dentist. After that I will probably begin saving again until I get situated for school and Christmas. Afterwards I will think about getting my own place, but I will not rush because my family has been too damn good to me. I will make sure that while I'm here that I help out with family expenses and such. I feel obligated to do so. One reason is I feel the need to earn their respect, but not because I'm gay but because I'm here. And I've been screaming "I'm grown" ever since I got back from Atlanta so its about time I proved it. Yes the little girl from Agony has been to Paris, and has seen the lights. She knows its not all that, all the fine.

Kenny came by today around 5:30pm, and I was on the phone getting a ride to work. He was dressed in a double breasted jacket, slacks and tie. He looked so nice, good enough to eat. ☺ I told him I had to go to work, but did I wish I didn't. I knew he came by to ask if I wanted to go. Lennie was in the bed

~~Ca~~ pa we went outside. I talked to him for a while, and eventual the 3 of us were standing in the front talking and shit. It gave me such a high to talk to him before I had to slave at Sara. I thought about him a lot while I worked. I'm crazy for him. Even if I never sleep with him again or we never become romantic involved, I'll at least have had the experience of Love.

6/30/81

Dear Friend, Of all Nations, Creeds, Colors, Nationalities, and Religion it is about time we all realized that we all have a place in God's world. ~~Our place may not be in the Oval office~~, our place may not be in politics it may not be in science, but we all must fill some niche in society, we must take up some party of society, be we leaders, followers, workers, or listeners or bystanders, we must and do take some part of society. We must all find out what our destiny is like is. Her Life isn't worth the living if it isn't lived to its fullest. It is time we as human beings created in God's own image stand up and fought for our rights and stopped hiding in corners, nooks and crannies like God's lowest creatures. Stand Up, be counted, let your voice be heard, let someone know you exist and are a part of society.

Dear Conny,

Into my life you came, from nowhere. I'd never had an inkling of your existence before that night we met in my mom's front yard, or was it my bedroom. You've brought new ideas into my world a whole new outlook and perspective on some things I barely ever thought about.

In the 8 month we've been together we've learned so much about each other and from each other. When we would have those long conversations about anything, they would always be such a turn on for me (us). The two very different worlds, opions and factal backgrounds we represent was always a big enough gap to allow to debate, to open ourselves to the other views, and to find common ground to agree upon. Strong and stern we both were when it came to what we believe in, but always caring enough and intrigued enough by the other not to be bitter or hold back for fearing of offending one another. That I can say is really what made me so dependent on your Love and presence.

When it came to making Love - we always seemed to find ways to make it so HOT. It was if though our bodies were in tune to the other. We never gave in to Inmitations (maybe for'Them). What we

did not speak was certainly shown in bed. Often times we found ourselves pushing to the very limitations of our sexual beings. Fears were never uncommon for me - in or out of bed. You showed yours in a different way, but I could always tell when or romping in the bed left your heart racing @ speeds that made you nervous.

My only regret is instead of accepting Kenny as Kenny. I took Kenny and wanted Kenny to be all mine, forgetting all those who he knew before me. Introducing you to my friends, my books, my hangouts and so on and so forth. And in the process I managed to possibly smother you and run my self down with worriation. I was so concerned with me and where you could help me get - where we could get together. I just would not let you out to stretch and grow on your own. For that I'm sorry - for the both of us. I want so bad to be mean and nasty and tell you that no one will ever Love you like I do, but I know that's a lie. You are one of the easiest people in the world to Love. And once you feel that you are Loved, and you are in Love, you return it in the most beautiful ways.

If there's nothing that I can say or do to keep us from seperating, then I can live with that for now. I just wish that maybe you will reconsider. I know now where the problem lies and I'm willing to take another chance @ our happiness, if you are. For in all the years of my life I've never needed and loved like this before. No matter what the weather, we will always be together in our hearts. You've become a part of me in a most special way.

Love Karl 88

9-07-88

10/14/20

And so there we were together, talking - both half telling what he thought the other wanted to hear. Lies! Why lies all the time. Suddenly I quit talking in the middle of what was to be a long explanation about what I expected of Roger in bed. I propped up on one elbow in the bed and extended ~~my~~ one leg out, slowly caressing the length of his body from waist to toe with my foot. Making sure to touch every inch that I knew to be sensitive. ~~He~~ was breathless for a moment. Then we stared into each other eyes ~~and~~ Neither speaking, but heavy conversation was being had. With a look of innocence comparable only to a child, I said, "We could go all night with this meaningless talk, or we could just turn out the light an act out our wildest fantasies." "You do have them don't you." "You damn right I have them"! All the time. Especially about you. I let out a slightly cynical laugh. Is there anyone else here to fantasize about. I guess not. As I lifted my leg to hit the light switch he ~~pla~~ ran his hand over the inner part of my thigh. Click the light were out ~~and click~~ quickly his tounge invaded my throat as his hand expitedly explored my body. "This is ~~a~~ much better than pretending." That something we both agree on.

This night was to be one I would never forget. I had anticipated that things would go my way. Of course they would, or they wouldn't go anyway. But what I wasn't expecting was for Roger to match my passion ~~in~~ bed.

When @ last he retrieved his tounque and our lips parted we both gasped in amazement @ what had transpired. The kiss ~~was like a slight of d~~ left us with a longing to know more and a fear of what was next. Both afraid that the other might cast a spell, ~~as~~ causing ~~to~~ him to give in to his every desire. I had Loved only once, and still the pain from losin that ~~a~~ Love had not yet subsided. I reacted quickly - My toe hit the light switch. I had gained the upper hand. His eyes were full of me. He ran his fingers gently through my hair letting it fall clumsily over one eye. It was then I decided I would give in to the emotion and let it take me higher. I roughly grabbed the back of his head and felt him go limp in my hand. Reaching around with the other hand, I held his face close enough to feel his heavy breath on my lips. He wanted whatever I wanted, he was confused about who I was, but he was sure of what he wanted. My tounge ran over his lips and he let a slight gasp of air out, as if though he was relieved that I didn't do something more drastic. I kissed him over so gently as I let his head rest on the pillow. I stood and started to undress in the middle of the bed. Slowly removing each piece of clothing as if though it was a religous artifact, ~~them~~ dropping it as if it meant nothing to the side of the bed. I removed everthing except my underwear, which I would have, but I enjoyed the look on his face when he saw them. I was in some sort of mucho trance and standing there in a black leather jock before a gorgeous black man ~~to~~ topped it all off. I reached for a joint I had rolled earlier and reclined again on the bed, placing the ashtray on my chest. "Make yourself comfortable". "Yeah" "I think I will". When he had undressed and returned ~~to~~ the bed he was wearing a white jock, and as he layed his leg in between the two of mine, I nearly choked on the joint at the sight of ~~the two~~ contrast. The temperture in the room rose, ~~to about 100°~~ our bodies ~~burned~~ were burning with desire that had to be released. He took the joint out of my hand setting it up for a gun. I took it in all the way so that our lips touched. My spine was tingling and I wanted to pull away, he felt me trying and grasped both my arms and straddled me. Finally he pulled away, the smoke had quickly filled my body from head to toe. ~~the was some good shit~~ I was completely numb or so ~~or~~ I thought. Roger had a look in his eyes that an

like a challenge. It was if he was ~~paying telling~~ using the same type language I had become famous for. ~~And using it~~ The language with very little spoken words Baby language. You can get it, but you gotta take it! What next!? I was thrown slightly off balance and he knew it. I had to think fast, then he did it. He called another shot. He looked me in the eyes and lie between my legs, taking his ass off my legs and lay again to again face to face, and smiled. The steam was rising from as Cats. His hot blood body felt so damn good next to mine. Flesh to Flesh, man to man. I picked up the joint out of the ashtray and took a deep toke from it and passed it back. He took it dumped the ashes and began to do the same. Just as he started to pull from it good I began to do a serious grind, moving my hips from side to side slowly and deeply. He nearly swallied the joint. I took it out of his hand and placed it onto the ashtray on the night stand. I pat him on the back and asked if he was OK he was choking and laughing all at once. We rolled over and we were in the exact same position as before, only I was on top. "You kinda, surprised me then". "What did I do?" "Shit man, you're trying to fuck with my head." "Not just your head, all of you". That was the line that took him. I kissed he hard and let all those hidden desires flood the crevices of his mind. I raw my hands open over his face forcing them to stay in. I lifted him up to the head of the bed by grinding so erotically it made him run. Then I stopped giving him time to catch his breath and I started all over again. He moaned in ecstacy and I knew he was mine. I reached between us pulling out the throbing pain I found there and began to gently jack it. He was ready to release all that pressure, so I stopped. Showering him with kisses pulled him deeper into my web. First the neck, then the chest, all the way down to his toes. He was saying things in a tone of voice I wasn't accustomed to hearing from him. We both knew it would come to this. I went back up and slide his dick down my throat, up again and I gave the head a nice work over all the time I had one then two now three fingers shoved up his ass. He was about to let it all go when I stopped as abruptly as I had began. Eye to eye was necessary in this game of cat + mouse. They were windows to the soul or mirrors of deceit. This was the moment to show my hand. As his body heaved on excitement and anticipation, I asked a question, "Shall I stop", "please don't". He was mine now and he would never be the same again.

Again and again I slapped his firm black ass with my open palm, which — then both the pain and excitement from the lick would be total turn on for us both. His expression had changed from shock from the first lick to total amazement, fear and something manic. In between licks I would spread his cheeks and jab my tounge into his asshole, surprisingly I don't thinks he had many experiences with exhibited men in bed. For everything I did that was just a little left startled and excited Roger to points I don't thinks I'd ever experienced. I had strategicly placed a bottle of body oil under the corner of the bed, I reached down intermittenly and put a little in one hand and lubricated his ass while crowgily tossing the pulled. My tounge came out of his ass more body oil went in. Tasted the rim of his ass then I got my hand under him as he rose to his knees. I was pulling on that dick and stroking those balls. My mouth was in the center of his back the rear center of his and just as I decided to ram my dick dip into his ass. He grabbed it and put it in, turning and saying - work me bag. He was telling me, "you've discovered the real Roger and he's glad. The oil was warm and felt terrible erotic as I slipped deeper and deeper into the depths of his muscular cheeks. Thursting slowly to the hilt then out was the rhythm, and I did so repeatedly. I begun to howl, the heat was close he collapsed on his stomach and I stayed with him. Digging my nails into his back and keeping the rhythm. He was feeding off my total control of his body, and I from his willingness to give such control to me. We began to sweat profusely as we began to round more and more like animals two beast off the fields. "Yes" he cried, "all of it", "please". He was broken. I had pushed him out beyond the point he had expected to go. He rolled over on his side lifting one leg. Quickly I rose to accompany him, never loosing the rhythm. Taking the ankle of the elevated leg in my hand I thrust into him deeply and furious. "Ahhrgen" "mmm fuck me" he screamed. His other ankle was now in my hands, holding his feet about 6 inches from his face, I took it all. In and out, in and out I thrust with the same rhythm only deeper thrust and more intensity. "You are mine" "Yes", "fuck me harder". Releasing his legs, I placed my arms firm on either side of his gorgeous black ass while he held his legs in the air. I came down on him hard and hit his wall, he screamed in delight. Again I hit and again. Suddenly I pulled him up and held him close to my chest. He placed his feet around the bed on either side and rose up almost taking me out of him and repeated sat down hard on my dick. Ride em boy I shouted. We had become so involved in the act that we were screaming Ride em Roger Ride em. We were now in the missionary again

he hanging off the bed, legs almost level with his head. "Get this ass now" "Get it now". I was thrusting so deeply he head was banging the wall. I was concerned I might hurt and tried pulling him back up. "No" "Don't Stop" "Make me come with you". My thrust got wilder my body began to heave, his body began to heave I kept hitting that spot over and over again. I had hit that muscle on me for about 20 minute and then it happened. I felt his muscles contract around my dick and they tighter and tighter. He was screaming uncontrolall in ecstacy. He flung his leg up into the air as the seed of his desire shot all over us. "Shit Boy" "I'm gonna give it to you" "Give it to me baby" I grabbed him around the chest and furiously fucked the shit out of him for about 3 minutes coming into the depths of his ass.

5/25/88

After I got home from work today, I began anticipating your arrival. Funny, I thought of things we might do together, whenever or at whatever time you got here. I became restless, so I took a short nap. The air got cool, and I was awaken by the scent of your memory. You filled me up with so much longing. I fixed a bit - saw Miki off to work and thought "Where is he?" The panic had begun. I picked some plums and left U a note saying I was "picking dinner". I waited for you there, just like I have waited in so many other different places - just dreaming.
Back in the house I passed the time away watching T.V. and cleaning, while all thoughts were of U. If it is possible to Love someone too much, then you are that someone for me. I hate it when you're away.

With All my Heart
Ted

I left you a pack of
Newports (squares). Take a
Nice long soak and I'll be here
before you know it. I missed
you, I still miss you, and I Love
you Like Hell!!

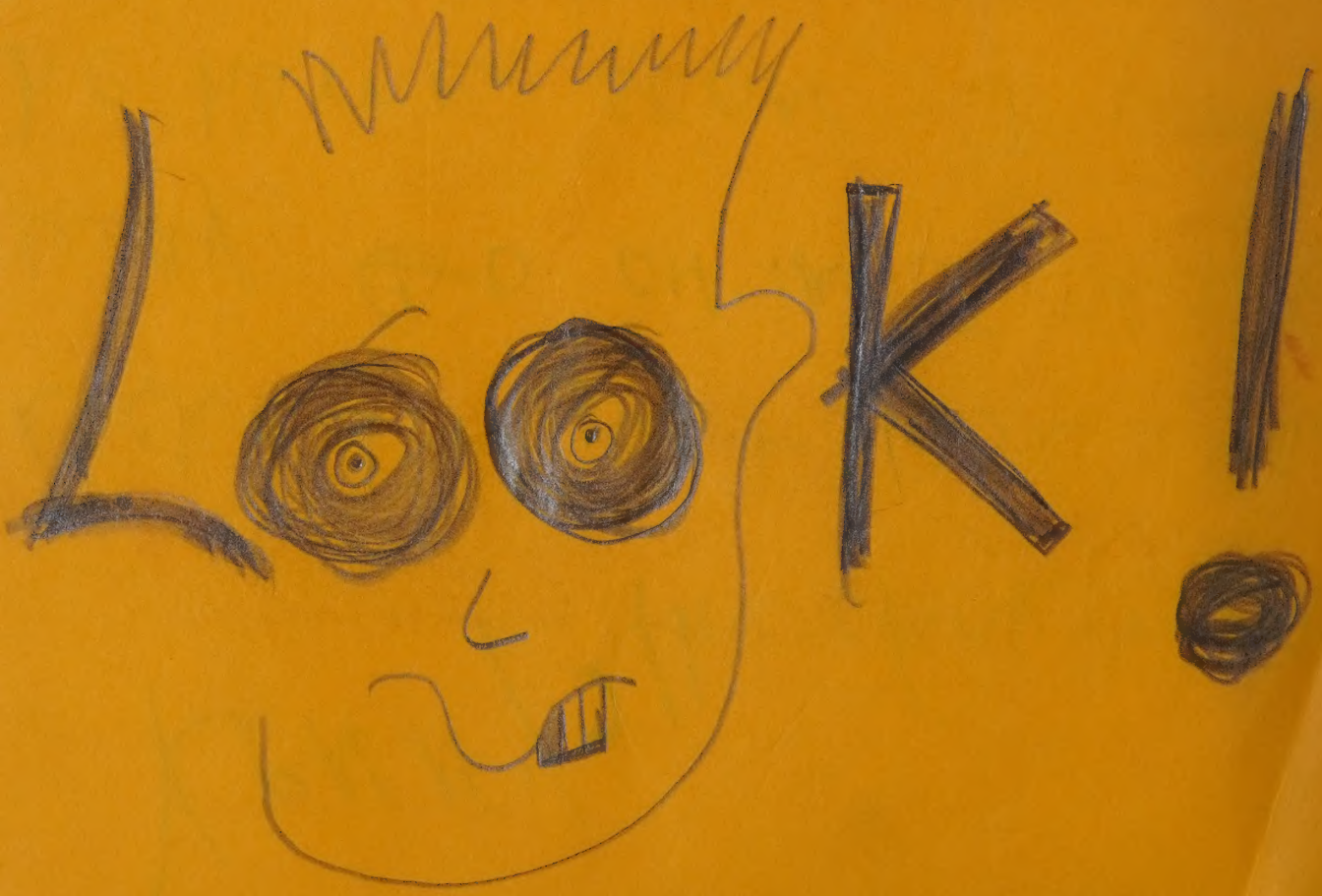
Karl

June 1988

Kenny, the door is not
Locked it just looks that
way. Go on in I should
be home soon - I went
to sugar bears to have a few drinks
with Daniel. Get some rest

Love
Karl

June 1 1988


LOOK!

10/26/88

So how long does this last? How long do I go on in a state of bewilderment? Remembering what once was, what will never be again. My first Love. Painful as it is, I desperately need to pull myself together. I can't let him destroy me like this.

Dear Father,

Deliver me from this madness. The Love for this man and into a higher form of Love. One that is all encompassing. And most of all, help me Love me

Carl

July 27, 196

It's nice to have something to be excited about once in a while. Even though I know the possibilities are slim at most at least this gives my week some promise. The excitement is I may be able to take a trip to Washington D.C. to visit Leroy this weekend - but it will not be definite until tommorow. This is going to be a real winner if I'm able to go. But if not at least I'll have had the thrill of trying and I'll know how to go about getting there.

Dear Me, 9/10/84

Today (tonight 10:23pm) is one of those days that holds a light at the end of a tunnel for me. Last Friday I resigned my position as the full time day buser at El Chico. Although I still have 2 more checks comming to me, and I'm on temporary employment there I still need an income at the first of the month and the rest of the year. I resigned with the intention of attending DeKalb Community College South Campus fall quarter which begins Sept. 14. Registration was today and you had to have your money when you registered. My mother was the driving force behind this. She offered to pay for it all, and wanted me to quit my job to rest while going to school. I refused to let her to same extent, knowing that she couldn't do it without it being a strain on her and the household. So I had planned to go to Pachals and get Charles old job and go to school. Since he was a waiter he made good tip and I figured so could I to finance my schooling. We (Charles and I) also plan to move into our own apartment on or around the first of October, so I need an income to help get our household started. After talking with Carolyn - a friend who has attended DeKalb South

told me that it would be better to wait until winter Quarter so that I would be able to get a steady job and apply for financial aid ~~and~~ as well as take the time to decide which courses are best for me. . . . . .

01/13/89

And so it seems that I have found the child I always dreamed of bearing. That child is so beautiful to me and other times she causes me so much hardache and pain. Nonetheless she is our child - Kenny and mine. We brought her here together and she brought us even closer together. And for all the years to come I will protect and keep near, nourish and feed her. Making sure that she is sheltered from the things that will harm her and understand those things that confuse her. For she is all that we have together. She is our Love.

She is all that will keep us together as the years grow older and we grow colder. She will be the ~~tie to bind us~~, the light that guides us out of fog. She will bring our wealth rushing ~~off~~, ~~[illegible]~~ from both ends of the descarted ~~[illegible]~~ experience called life. For she is the totally embodiment of all that we are. She is all that we are - in ~~total~~ perfect harmony with all that is real when we are in one - She is our Love for one another